The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrimen are gone and fled,
As well assured *Richard* their King is dead.
Sal. Ah *Richard*! with eies of heauie mind,
I see thy glorie like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter the Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bul. Bring foorth these men.
Bushie and *Greene*, I will not vexe your soules
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charitie; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the profession of a Royall bed,
And staind the beautie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my Seigniories,
Disparkt my Parkes, and feld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my houshold coate,
Rac't out my impresse, leauing me no signe,

Saue

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.
Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to *England*: Lords farewell.
Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatcht:
Vncle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.
Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht
With letters of your loue to her at large.
Bull. Thanks (gentle Vncle:) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carlile, &c.

King. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
King. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my kingdome once againe
Deare earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels mound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her Child,
Plaies fondlie with her teares, and smiles in meeting:
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And doe thee fauour with my royall hands,
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauie gated Toads lie in their way,
Dooing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeeld